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for Sleep-Overs © 1993 by RGA Publishing Group, Inc.  
**Key To Strands:** Front Cover-FC, Super Scary  
Story-SSS, Our Haunted World-OHW, Strange But  
True-SBT, Puzzles-PUZ, Classic Serial-CS, The  
Unexplained-TU.

**Photographs:** AA Photo Library SBT2(c); Collections  
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International Ltd TU2(c, br); News Team International  
TU2(bl); Popperfoto (Reuters) TU2(tl); Rex Features  
Ltd (Robin Kerr) TU1(cu).

**Illustrations:** Una Fricker OHW3-4(sp); Lee Gibbons  
TU1-2(sp); John Higgins SBT1-2(sp); Christian Hook  
CS1-4(sp); Paul Johnson SSS1-7(sp); David Millgate  
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Editorial and distribution offices  
EagleMoss Publications Ltd,  
7 Cromwell Road, London SW7 2HR  
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Printed by: CSM Impact, England  
Colour origination by: Colourscan, Singapore

FREE IN  
ISSUE 28  
Spooky  
Pop-up



Next week in  
**THE SPINECHILLER**  
Collection

**SUPER SCARY STORY**  
Family Reunion

**OUR HAUNTED WORLD**  
England  
He's Lost His Grip!

**STRANGE BUT TRUE**  
Spring-heeled Jack

**CLASSIC SERIAL**  
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Chapter 1

**PUZZLES**  
Men in Black

**THE UNEXPLAINED**  
Live Wires

# ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD



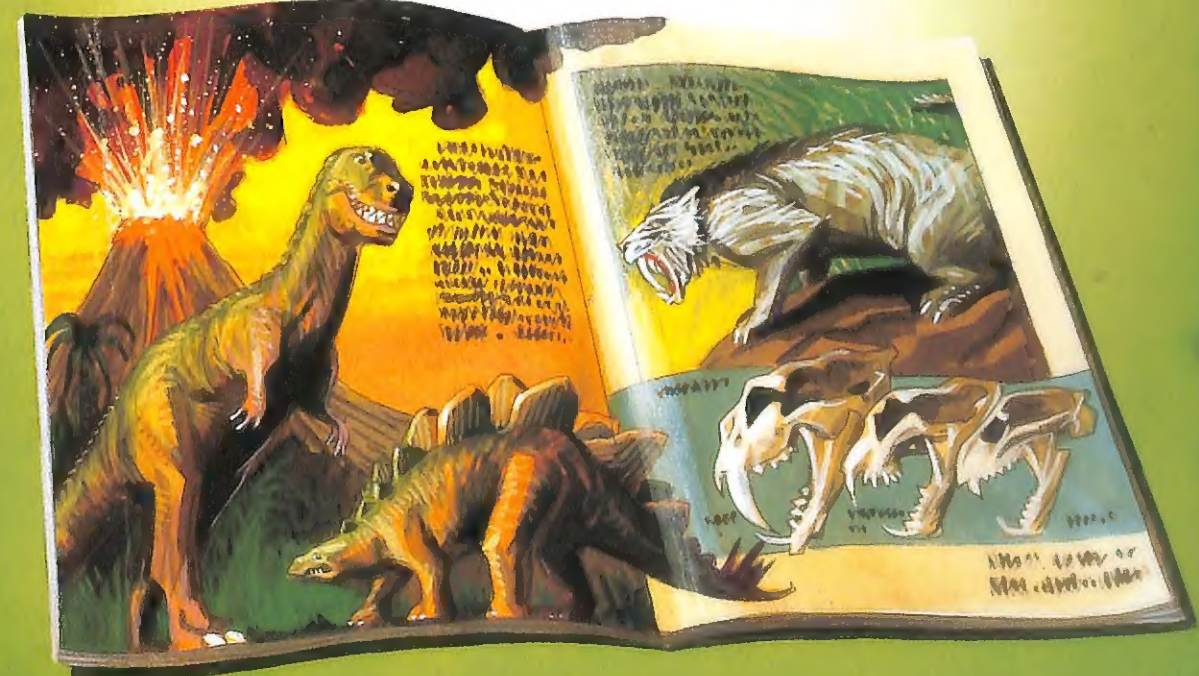
ara spread her arms as wide as she could to make her  
point. "The Tyrannosaurus Rex was the most  
ferocious of the meat-eaters. It was huge!" she said.

David shook his head. "Just because a dinosaur  
was the biggest doesn't mean it was the meanest."

The two friends were sitting cross-legged in David's room.  
Dinosaurs and ancient mammals of various types glowered down  
at them from wall posters. One large book was open on the floor.  
David had borrowed it from his next-door neighbour, Allan.  
"Pound for pound," David said firmly, "some prehistoric  
mammals were a lot tougher than dinosaurs. Allan told me."

Like David, Allan loved prehistoric creatures. He was a grown-  
up, but he didn't really act like one. During the day he drove a  
delivery van. At night he stayed up until all hours working on  
weird inventions in his cellar.

Cara leaned over David and peered into the book. "OK, which  
ones were tougher than dinosaurs?" she challenged.





David pointed to a fanged, cat-like beast, but was interrupted by a knock. His father opened the door and leaned in.

"David, your mother asked you almost an hour ago to go next door and clean up the mess in Allan's driveway. I suggest you take care of it now before it gets dark."

"Aw, Dad. I didn't make the mess. Why don't we just let Allan clean it up himself?"

"Because it was your dog that tipped over his dustbin," David's mum said as she stepped into the room. "Besides, Allan isn't there. I went over the day before yesterday to give him a parcel that had been delivered here by mistake, but he didn't answer the door. He wasn't there this morning either. Maybe he's away on a trip. You know how forgetful he can be."

"Come on, David. I'll help you," Cara offered. They collected a broom and dustpan, then went outside and surveyed the mess. "What is all this junk?" Cara asked. The driveway was strewn with bits and pieces of cable, wire, graph paper and what looked like tiny electrical parts that had been fried to a crisp.

"Allan is working on a new project. He's been messing about with it for a couple

of months," David said, picking up a handful of papers and dumping them into the bin. "Usually he likes to show me his inventions, but this time he's being really secretive. I haven't seen him for more than a week. Maybe Mum's right. Maybe he's away."

"Do you think something's wrong?" Cara asked.

David wrinkled his forehead. "I'm going to see if his car is there. I'll be right back."

A moment later David returned. "Allan's car is there all right. Maybe we should look inside the house. Perhaps he's ill."



**T**he kids went to the front door and rang the bell. There was no answer. They tried the back door too, then David noticed that the window next to the door was open slightly. He slipped his fingers in the gap, pushed the window up and climbed in.

Cara hesitated. "I don't know if we should do this."

"We're not going to do anything wrong. We're just checking to see if Allan is inside," David said, annoyed. "Maybe he's fallen down the stairs and needs help. If we save him, we'll be heroes."

The idea of being a hero appealed to her, so Cara hoisted herself up over the windowsill and into the kitchen. "Yuck!" she wrinkled up her nose in disgust.

The place was deserted. The sink was full of dirty dishes, and a carton of milk had been left out on the worktop. "This place is spooky," Cara whispered. "Let's be quick. I'll look in here," she said, going into the living room.

Suddenly a low growl issued from somewhere in the shadows. Cara froze. A deep voice boomed out, "Stay right where you are. I've got you covered!"

"Don't shoot!" Cara pleaded.

David just laughed. "Oh, I forgot." He walked into the living room and flicked a switch. "Look," he said, pointing to a wire under the carpet where Cara was standing. "It's Allan's version of a burglar alarm."



**W**ithin minutes they had checked the upper levels of the house, but Allan was nowhere to be found. The last place to check was the workshop in the cellar.

"Wow!" Cara said as they started down the cellar stairs. A worktop and shelves ran round the room and everything was cluttered with machines and tools. "This is great! Look at this stuff. What does it do?"

"Most of it doesn't do anything. Allan isn't a very good inventor," David explained. "Hey, that's new." He pointed towards a large object in the centre of the room. It looked like four round platforms stacked one behind the other, creating a series of steps. In the centre stood a post about a metre high. There were lights all round the post, and on the top was what looked like a small television screen.

The pair climbed up on to the upper platform and studied the switches and dials. "It must be some sort of vehicle," David guessed. "Let's find out!" He flicked one of the switches.

"Yeah!" Cara grinned and flicked a few more switches.

All at once a purple light came on around the rim of the bottom step and bathed the entire floor in violet.

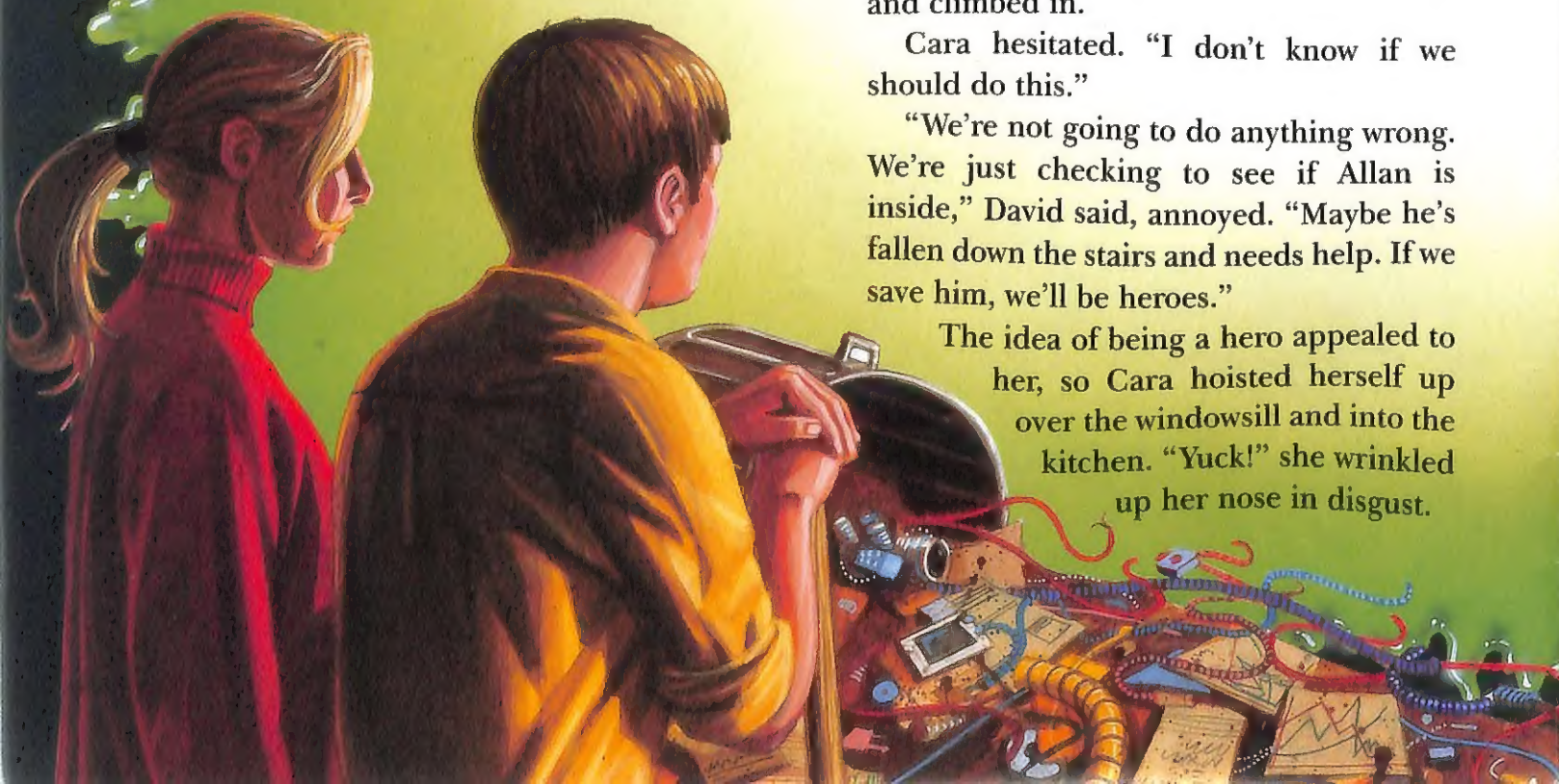
"Awesome!" Cara flicked another switch and wide, green beams of light shot out from the second platform. Then a low humming sound came from the post. Another switch sent streams of blue light in every direction from the third platform. Finally, David touched the uppermost switch. Red beams from the fourth and final platform flowed upwards, and the children were

enclosed in a curtain of ruby-coloured light. The post on the screen whirled to life. It was a digital counter of some kind.

Cara's face whitened as the machine began to vibrate. "David, I don't like this. Turn it off!"

David pushed at the switches, but they were all locked. "I don't know how!" he shouted. The counter continued to whirl, and the humming grew louder.

"I thought you knew about this! What if it's a bomb? Do something!" Cara yelled. Abruptly, everything became quiet. The lights turned off, leaving the room glowing silently in an eerie violet light. The children looked around. Apart from the





light, everything looked the same – except the screen counter. It read 1,000,000.

"It turned itself off," David said. "I suppose everything is OK. Maybe we should..." But he was interrupted by a loud roar, followed by what sounded like heavy footsteps coming from outside.

"What was that?" Cara's voice was shaky.

David tried to be calm. "It's probably another one of Allan's burglar alarms."

Cara shook her head. "I don't think so."

"C'mon, we can't stay here," said David. "It's getting really stuffy. I need some air."

Cara followed her friend up the stairs. At the top, David gripped the door handle. It was warm. David slowly opened the door.



**A** tendril of fog snaked into the room. The two youngsters stood in the doorway, their mouths open. The house, the neighbourhood, everything they knew was gone. Instead, they seemed to be on some sort of highland. To their right the land sloped down, flattened, and stretched into a barren plain all the way to the horizon.

"Where are we?" Cara whispered.

David looked at the trees and plants crowded outside the door. "I think the question should be *when* are we? This looks like a kind of place that would have existed a couple of million years ago." He was finding it hard to breathe. "Wait a minute. Maybe this isn't happening. Maybe we're imagining it. The machine probably gives off some kind of gas that makes

you think you're somewhere else. It's possible that if we just step out of the room and take a few deep breaths, everything will be the way it was."

"Do you really think so?" Cara asked.

"Do you have a better idea?" he replied.

The two moved through the doorway and out into the strange forest. Behind them the door was a glowing purple blur.

"Breathe in deeply," David instructed.

"I think it's working!" Cara cried out.

"The trees are starting to shake. Look!"

All at once a large, low branch was flung to one side and they were staring into a huge, bear-like face. The beast reared up, towering at least five metres tall. Each of its massive paws sported long, sharp claws. The animal took a step forward, placing its body between the children and the door.

David gasped. "It's a Megatherium!"



Cara was trembling all over. She spoke in a low undertone. "What's that?"

"It won't hurt us. It's a plant-eater."

"Does it know that?" Cara groaned, backing away.

Suddenly, it swiped at them with a giant paw. Cara took another step back and slid down the slope in an avalanche of loose rock. "David!" she screamed. He raced after her, gripping her by the arm before she reached the edge of the drop-off.

"C'mon," he panted, helping her to her feet. "We've got to get back..." But he didn't finish. His eyes were wide with fear. Their escape was blocked.



**C**rouched on a rock above them was what looked like a lion, except that its lips were drawn back in a snarl that revealed teeth unlike any modern lion. A pair of fangs protruded from its upper jaw.

David tried to speak. "Cara," he murmured, "we must run for the forest."

But the creature seemed to second-guess the two children and lunged for them just as they made their break for the undergrowth. With the beast on her heels, Cara started to clamber up into a tree.

"No!" David called. "It can reach you there. We've got to find a place to hide that is too small for it. There!" He pointed to a rock about fifty metres away. They reached it in seconds and scrambled in.

"I don't think it followed us," David gasped.

"Tell me I'm crazy," Cara said, "but wasn't that a creature from your book?"

"Yeah... a sabre-toothed cat, a Smilodon," David wheezed. He wiped the sweat from his eyes and leaned out from their hiding place. "I think it's gone, so we can... AAAAAHHHHH!"



Without warning, a figure leaped out from behind another boulder and pulled David down. He struggled out, grabbed a rock and lifted it to strike his attacker.

"No!" Cara yelled. "It's a person!"

David stopped and stared at the figure on the ground. It was Allan! He was battered, bruised and very pale. His left arm hung at his side at an odd angle.

"Allan?" David gasped. "Allan, what...?" But before the man could speak, they heard a throaty snarl.

David and Cara pulled Allan further into the rocks and leaned him against a boulder. He looked bad, but tried to smile.

"David, Cara – am I glad to see you! You didn't happen to bring anything to eat, did you? I'm starving."



David fished into his jacket pocket and pulled out a chocolate bar. He unwrapped it and put it in Allan's right hand. Allan held it tightly, but he didn't attempt to take a bite. David noticed that several of his teeth were gone.

"How did you work out where I was? Who figured out how to use the machine? Who else is with you?" the badly injured man asked in short, breathy gasps.

"Nobody's with us," David answered. "We were looking for you, and we saw the machine. We just wanted to see what it did. Then, suddenly, we ended up here."

Allan groaned. "The machine must still be pre-set for the Pleistocene era. I was testing it," he said. "The only way back is through the door. Each time the passage is opened, it remains open for one hour unless you close it from the machine. If you don't get back through it, you won't survive long." As if to make the point, something in the forest growled.

"OK," David said bravely. "The door isn't far. We can carry you. We'll make it."

Allan shook his head. "You won't get back unless you run. There are things in the forest..."

He touched the gouges in his arm. "They come out of nowhere."

"We know," Cara said. "We ran into a Smilodon. That's how we got this far."

Allan curled one side of his mouth into a bitter grin. "It isn't one cat you have to worry about. You could probably outrun him. But the dire wolves – they're bigger and faster, and hunt in packs. Worst of it is, they're clever. They did this." Weakly, he held up his torn arm. "The pack is still out there. It's too late for me, kids." Allan drew in a breath. "You go on alone... It's the only way." David protested, but Allan cut him off. "There's no time to discuss it. Go, get going!"

David touched Allan's shoulder, then looked at his watch. "We have fifteen minutes, Cara. Let's go."

Cara and David moved as fast as they could. Soon they could see the purplish glow of the door. When they were only a few metres away, David heard a rustling behind them. Then his eye saw a shadow, then another, moving in the trees.

"It's the dire wolves. They're closing in on us. We're surrounded!" he yelled.

The kids took off as fast as they could. Cara tripped, and as she regained her footing, she looked over her shoulder. Four vicious-looking animals were racing toward them. They all had savage claws, and their

jaws were lined with flesh-ripping teeth. One of the wolves was close enough to make a try for its prey.

Snarling, it leaped into the air, snapping its jaws. Cara thought her heart would burst, but she vaulted forward.

She crashed into David, and they tumbled through the doorway.

For a moment the children stayed still at the bottom of the stairs. Then Cara whispered, "We made it. Are you OK?"

David nodded. At the top of the stairs, the purple glow faded. David looked at his watch. "We just made it. Let's reset the machine and go home."

Moments later Cara and David slipped back out of Allan's window. "Poor Allan," Cara murmured. "I wish we could have helped him. Thank goodness it's over."

David suddenly turned back to the gate. "It isn't over! When we came through the time passage we opened it for another hour. We have to go back down and close the channel from the machine. Something could get through!"

The kids raced through the garden and in the kitchen window. As they entered the dark living room they heard a growl.

"It's just Allan's stupid tape," David said. "Come on."

But in the darkness, they didn't see the two massive creatures crouching by the cellar stairs – two fellow time travellers, with razor-sharp teeth.

THE END





## OUR HAUNTED WORLD



New Zealand, called 'The Land of the Long White Cloud' by the native Maoris, is full of weird mysteries...

### FRIGHTENER'S FRIGHT

One night, New Zealand horror film director Peter 'The Frighteners' Jackson and his wife had a real-life fright! Just after his wife had left the bedroom to make some coffee, the door flew open and a dark-haired woman glided into the room! Her face was locked into a horrible, silent scream. Her hands were unclear, but Jackson felt certain that she carried a knife. Luckily for him, the apparition rose into the air and drifted through a wall! Jackson lay terrified in bed, with no doubt in his mind that he had just seen a genuine, 3D ghost!

### LIGHTS, CAMERA... UFO ACTION!

In 1978, a pilot reported a UFO off the north coast of South Island. Nine days later, a camera crew flew off from Wellington to reconstruct that pilot's flight. But just after midnight, above Kaikoura, they spotted real UFO lights which were even picked up on radar. The lights accompanied the plane for nearly an hour, until it landed at Christchurch. The cameras were rolling all the time and the resulting film was later analysed. None of the usual explanations could account for the lights (see left) or radar signals. Scientists were forced to agree that the film had captured genuine UFOs.



### CROAKERS IN THE DARK

Railway workers in Te Kuiti had the surprise of their lives while digging 3 metres down. In newly-broken rock, a cavity appeared. Inside it, workers were amazed to see a live frog! A little later, another frog was discovered nearby. How the frogs got there to start with, and how they survived being locked in rock, apparently without light or food, no one can explain. But one thing is quite certain – the Te Kuiti workers won't forget those mystery frogs in a hurry!



### A CURIOUS CARCASS

In 1977, a Japanese fishing boat off Christchurch found a weird carcass in its nets. It looked just like a plesiosaur – a prehistoric creature believed by some people to still survive in places like Loch Ness in Scotland. This photo and some flesh samples were taken, then the fishermen threw the rotting, smelly catch back into the sea. It was later found to be a shark's carcass, so the hunt for a real plesiosaur continues.



**SLITHERY STORMSILVER**  
Thunderstorms can be pretty scary on their own, but in Te Ngaere, a family had a very spooky experience during one. As a great thunderclap shook the house, a 'flow of light' came in under the front door. Its shape kept changing, but it was about 10cm long by 5cm wide and a bluish silver in colour. The family stared, open-mouthed, as it flowed round some tools on the floor, looking and moving just like mercury, or molten silver. Eventually, the silvery slick slid out under the door again, leaving the family totally mystified. Experts later suggested that it might have been an unusual, very slithery sort of ball lightning.



# HAIR TODAY... GONE TOMORROW!

My friend's Granny told this tale about the perils of being a fashion victim...

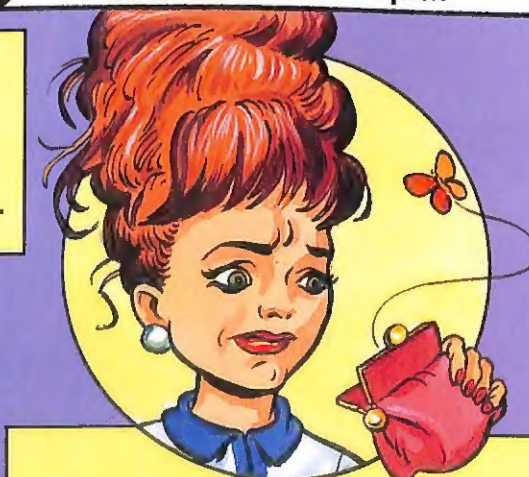


**1** When Granny was a teenager in Auckland, tall, beehive hairdos were all the rage.



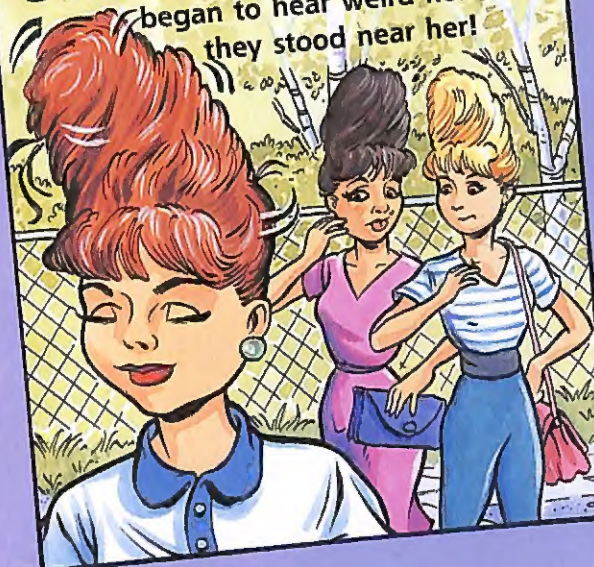
**2** It wasn't a DIY style. Girls went to the hairdresser to get their hair backcombed and sprayed with hair lacquer.

**3** Girls slept in headscarves, under 'hair cages' and other devices to keep their enormous hairdos intact.

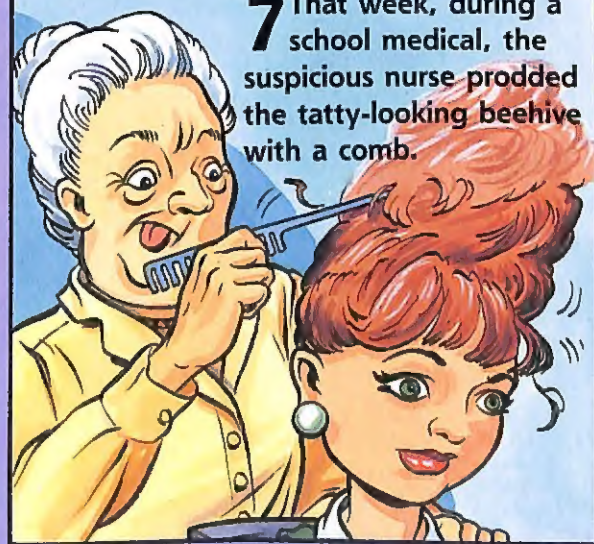


**4** Granny's friend couldn't afford to have her hair redone often, so she didn't brush it out or wash it for weeks!

**5** In time, her beehive drooped and looked very grubby. Her mates even began to hear weird noises if they stood near her!



**7** That week, during a school medical, the suspicious nurse prodded the tatty-looking beehive with a comb.



**9** "Well, your beehive has turned into a cockroach nest!" said the nurse, switching on an electric shaver. "And it has to go!"



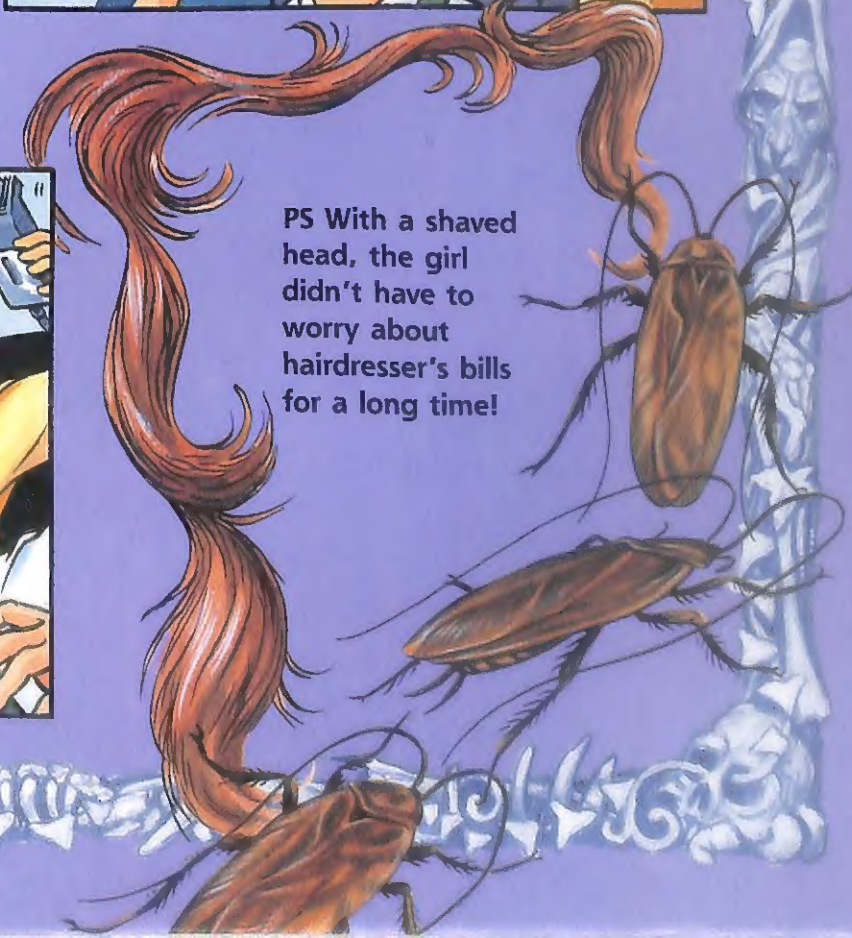
**6** Not only that, several schoolfriends were sure they could see something moving about in her hair!



**8** Stifling a scream, the nurse asked when the girl had last washed or brushed her hair. "The hairdresser did it about two months ago," the girl replied.



PS With a shaved head, the girl didn't have to worry about hairdresser's bills for a long time!







# THE SCREAMING SKULL

**Special Investigation File: 27**

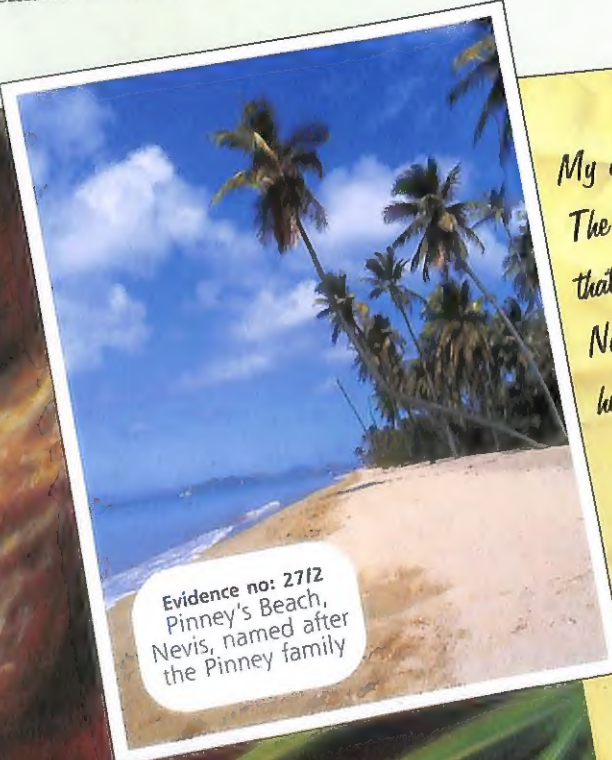
**Subject: a mysterious screaming skull**  
**Place: Bettiscombe, Dorset**

SpineChiller creates a file

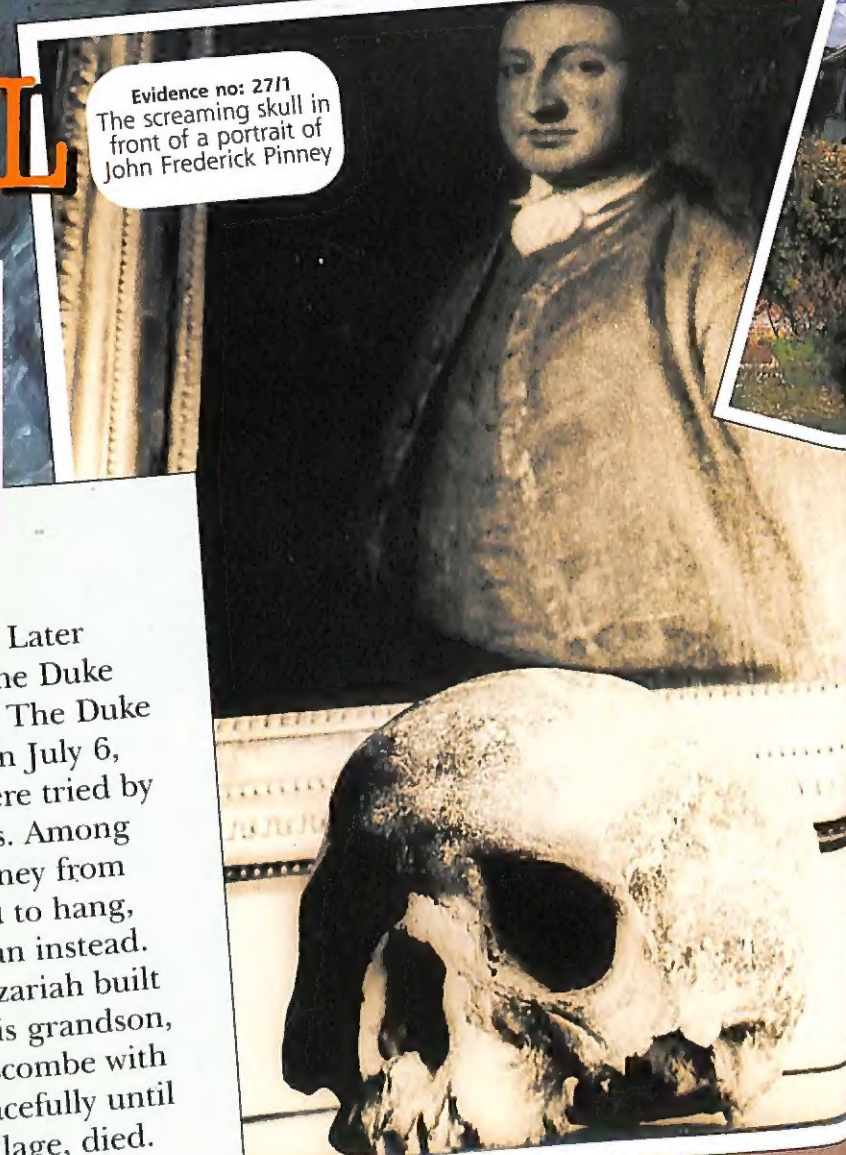
## BACKGROUND INFORMATION

James II became King of England in 1685. Later that year another claimant to the throne, the Duke of Monmouth, led a rebellion against him. The Duke was defeated at the Battle of Sedgemoor on July 6, then beheaded. Many of his supporters were tried by the famously severe Judge William Jeffreys. Among them were brothers Azariah and John Pinney from Bettiscombe, Dorset. Both were sentenced to hang, but Azariah was sent away to the Caribbean instead.

Once settled on the island of Nevis, Azariah built a new life for himself. Some years later his grandson, John Frederick Pinney, returned to Bettiscombe with a West Indian slave. There they lived peacefully until the slave, called Bettiscombe after the village, died.



Evidence no: 2711  
The screaming skull in front of a portrait of John Frederick Pinney



September 1785

My dear Edward  
The Pinneys are having a terrible time. You remember that John Frederick's slave asked to be returned to Nevis for burial? Well his wishes were ignored, and he was laid to rest in Bettiscombe churchyard instead. But rest is hardly the word. People have heard screams coming from the grave, and the Pinneys' house, Bettiscombe Manor, is often shaken to its foundations. No one is quite sure what to do.  
My good wishes to all the family.

Antonia

Evidence no: 2713  
Bettiscombe Manor as it is today



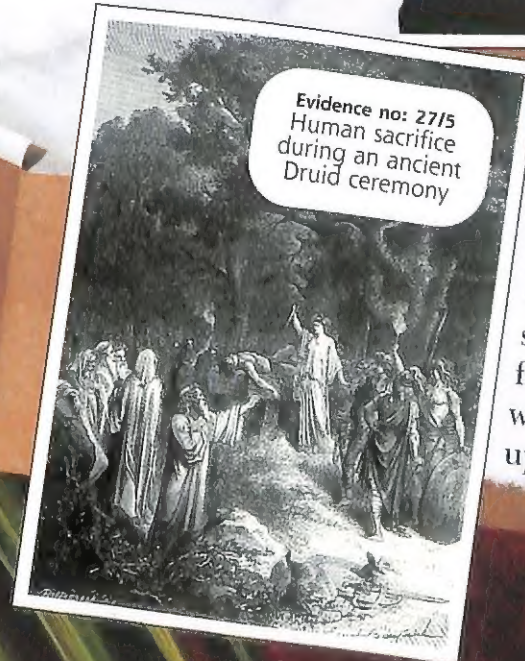
December 1963  
**SCREAMING SKULL NOT SLAVE'S!**

Professor Gilbert Causey of the Royal College of Surgeons has exploded the myth surrounding a skull from a Dorset mansion.

Causey has revealed that the skull, which has long been kept on the staircase in Bettiscombe Manor, belongs not to a male slave, as once believed, but to a prehistoric woman.

The skull was probably excavated from the Iron Age temple of Pilsdon Pen, whose ruins stand behind the house. It is thought that it could have belonged to a sacrificial victim, beheaded as part of a Celtic ritual carried out by Druids.

Evidence no: 2714  
Sunset over Pilsdon Pen



June 1850

Dear Editor

I am writing to bring readers of your journal the most recent news of the Bettiscombe case.

The Pinney family slave was dug up and reburied several times. But he continued to haunt the graveyard and manor until his skull was left in the house. The rest of the skeleton, meanwhile, seems to have disappeared. It may be that someone has sent it back to Nevis.

If nothing else, this sorry tale should teach us all to respect the wishes of the dying.

Yours faithfully  
Samuel Winter

## CONCLUSION

Research carried out by Professor Causey and others has proved that the screaming skull of Bettiscombe Manor really comes from an ancient Dorset site. But how and why the tale of the unhappy slave grew up around it has still to be explained.

Unexplained



CLASSIC



SERIAL

## Chapter 2

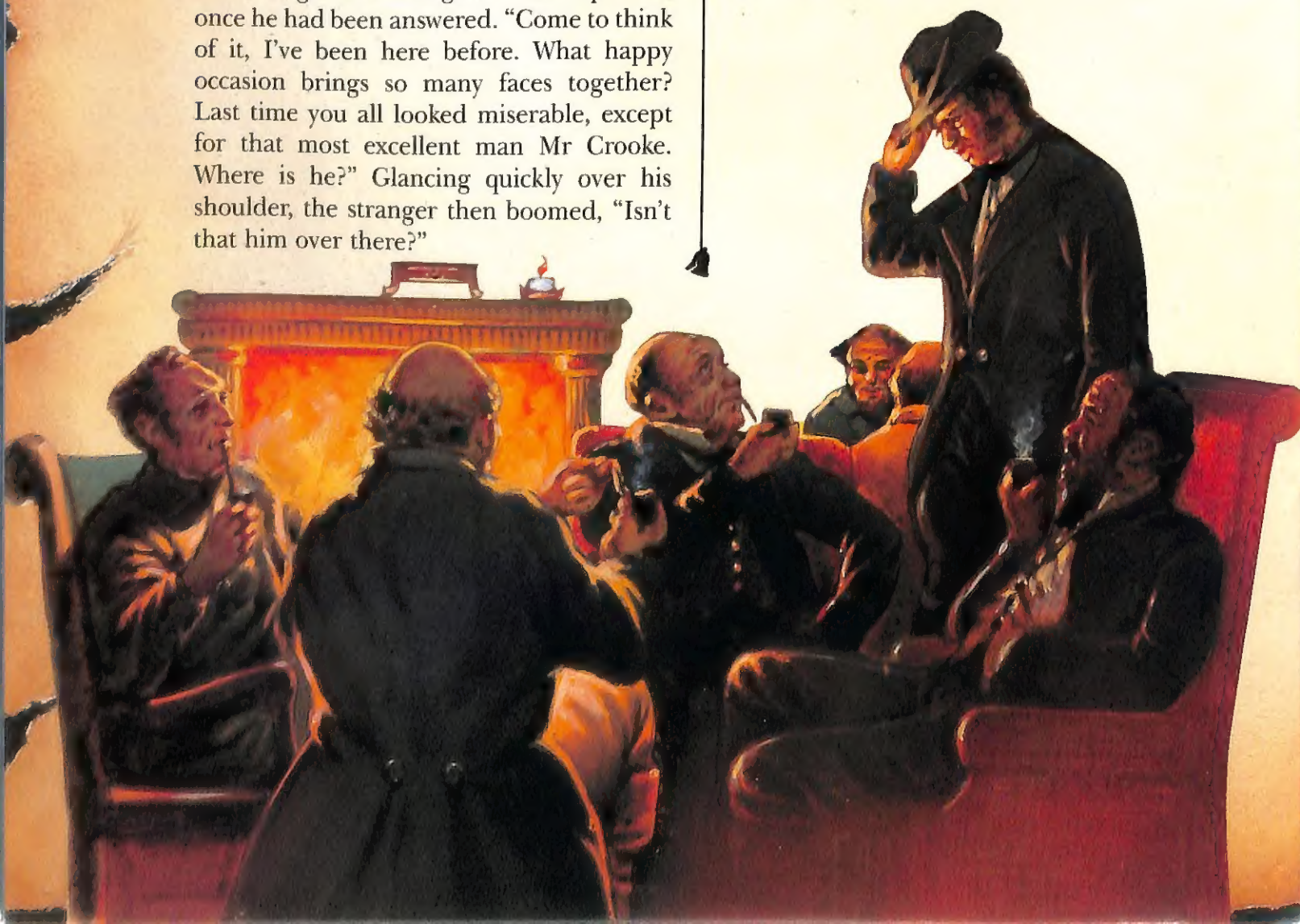
# The Dead Sexton

Retold from a story by Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu

The doctor, attorney, innkeeper and several others were smoking their pipes around the kitchen fire in the George and Dragon Inn. Suddenly, the strangely dressed horseman strode into the room. He had very piercing, dark eyes, sunburned skin, a crooked nose and a deep scar running down his top lip. He raised his hat in greeting and asked the name of the village and the inn.

"George and Dragon?" he repeated, once he had been answered. "Come to think of it, I've been here before. What happy occasion brings so many faces together? Last time you all looked miserable, except for that most excellent man Mr Crooke. Where is he?" Glancing quickly over his shoulder, the stranger then boomed, "Isn't that him over there?"

There was a deathly silence in the kitchen as everyone stared at the far end of the room. The silence was broken by the innkeeper, who stood up and, thumping the table like an angry schoolteacher, announced, "He is not there, he can't be there, we can all see that he's not there." Then, in a calmer voice, he explained to the stranger that Crooke had "met with an accident" and was dead.



The others, all trying to speak at the same time, then provided the stranger with the details of the death. The stranger, however, was reluctant to criticise the sexton. "Why should he be damned for pulling down a church bell that he has been pulling at for ten years!" he said. "The man's in Heaven now, just as surely as you're not!"

The stranger then called to the innkeeper to bring several bowls of punch and invited everyone to drink as much as they wanted. While they drank, he requested a bed for the night. Then, as all the villagers started to drift homeward, he asked for a lantern so that he could visit his horse in the stable.



The stranger swirled round, grabbed the lantern from him and bundled him out of the door. Following behind Tom, he then kicked the door shut with his foot. As Tom fumbled with the key, the stranger hissed, "Give me the corpse and I'll make you rich."

Tom Scales, the hostler, was looking through the stable window to check on his horses when suddenly he felt a tug at his sleeve. He turned to find the dark-eyed stranger standing behind him. "They say there's something well worth looking at behind that door," the stranger whispered, pointing to the coach-house. "I'll make it worth your while to show me."

Tom stared at the man's scarred lip, which seemed even more deformed in the moonlight, and nervously dug in his pocket for the key. Then, reluctantly, he walked over to the coach-house, turned the key in the padlock and stood back.

"What are you afraid of?" said the stranger, leading Tom over to the sexton's body, which was stretched out on a table. "He won't bite! Come, hold up the lantern while I take a good look."

Tom held up the light and stared at the sexton's waxy face. Then, as if in a nightmare, he clearly saw the sexton's eyes open and his lips move, as though he were trying to talk. The hostler was so terrified that for a full minute he could neither move nor speak. Then he gave a loud scream.

Tom did not even reply to this suggestion. He turned on his heels and ran back into the inn. By the time he had reached the kitchen, his face had drained of all colour. The innkeeper offered him a drink of brandy to revive him.

"That man's evil, Mr Turnbull," Tom spluttered. "There's something unnatural about that horse, too. It was making all the other horses in its stable sweat and fret, so I moved them next door. Please Mr Turnbull, let's fetch the vicar in case you've got a devil or a demon under your roof!"

"Calm down," replied the innkeeper. "There's no need for that. We'll check the yard one last time before closing up."

Taking a lantern with them, they went out into the shadowy yard, glancing over their shoulders as they headed for the coach-house door. The padlock was still firmly in place.

Underlined words are explained in WORD POWER.





"Seems fine," whispered Tom. "Let's go back in now, Mr Turnbull."

"Not quite yet, lad," answered the innkeeper. "We'd better make sure the coroner will have a corpse to examine when he arrives tomorrow." He took the key from Tom, opened the lock and slowly pushed the door until he could just fit his head round to peer in. Then he speedily shut it and locked up again.

## WORD POWER

attorney – a lawyer

reluctant – unwilling

punch – a drink often containing a mixture of alcohol and fruit juice

coroner – a person who investigates suspicious deaths

blunderbuss – a short gun used between the 16th and 18th centuries

"Safe as houses," he whispered to his companion. Just at that moment, they heard a jeering laugh from somewhere above them and all the yard geese started to gabble furiously. Tom clutched the innkeeper's arm and shouted over the racket, "There he is! At the window, see?"

The innkeeper looked up at the open window of one of the guest bedrooms. There he saw the stranger leaning on his elbows, watching them.

"His eyes!" gasped Tom. "Look, they're like two burning coals!"

The innkeeper's eyesight was not as sharp as Tom's and he wasn't sure if the stranger's eyes were red or black. But the man's laugh had frightened him enough.

"Time for honest folk to be asleep in their beds, sir," he shouted up.

"Do you mean as soundly as your sexton?" replied the stranger, and then gave another jeer that once more caused the geese to start up.

"Quick," said the innkeeper, pulling Tom behind him. "Hurry into the house."

When they were safely inside, the innkeeper said, "No man or beast shall steal a dead man out of my yard, as long as I can pull a trigger. Come with me to the gun-room, Tom. We'll keep watch all night if we have to."

The gun-room, which jutted out into the yard, faced the coach-house door on one side and the back door of the inn on the other. The innkeeper took down his blunderbuss, loaded it, opened the main window, covered himself with a heavy coat and sat down. Tom locked the door of the room from the inside and took up watch at the smaller window overlooking the inn door.

An hour passed, and then another. Clouds blacked out the moon from time to time, throwing the yard into complete

darkness, but nothing stirred. The watchers had just heard one o'clock strike when suddenly Tom spotted the cloaked figure of the stranger. He was emerging from the back door and striding towards the stable.

Tom joined the innkeeper at the main window. Together they watched as the man led out his horse and opened the yard gate with one hard kick. Then he stood in front of the coach-house door, which seemed to swing open entirely of its own accord, and disappeared inside. In a few moments he came out, carrying the sexton's body. With one movement, he flung it over the horse's shoulders and sprang into the saddle.

"Quick! Fire the gun!" shouted Tom to the innkeeper. Then there was an ear-piercing crack and Tom was hurled sideways against the window. The innkeeper lay flat on his back. There was total silence for a moment, until the watchers heard that jeering laugh once more, echoing round the yard. Tom crawled to the other window and saw the stranger galloping out of the gate, his black cloak flying out behind.

When Tom went to help the innkeeper up, he discovered that there was nothing left of the blunderbuss – it had shattered into tiny pieces. As for the dead sexton, nothing was heard or seen of him again.

THE END



NEXT ISSUE:

The Body-Snatcher by Robert Louis Stevenson



# HIGHWAYMAN PUZZLE

## 'H' IS FOR...?

'H' is for 'Help!' - something these shocked passengers, who are about to be robbed, urgently need. Can you find at least ten things in this picture beginning with 'H'?

## NOT-SO-PERFECT ROBBERY!

Examine the robbery scene carefully to find seven things that are wrong in it?

## WHO'S HIDING?

Write in the first, last or middle letter of each picture clue - you must decide which - so, when rearranged, they spell the name of a well-known highwayman.

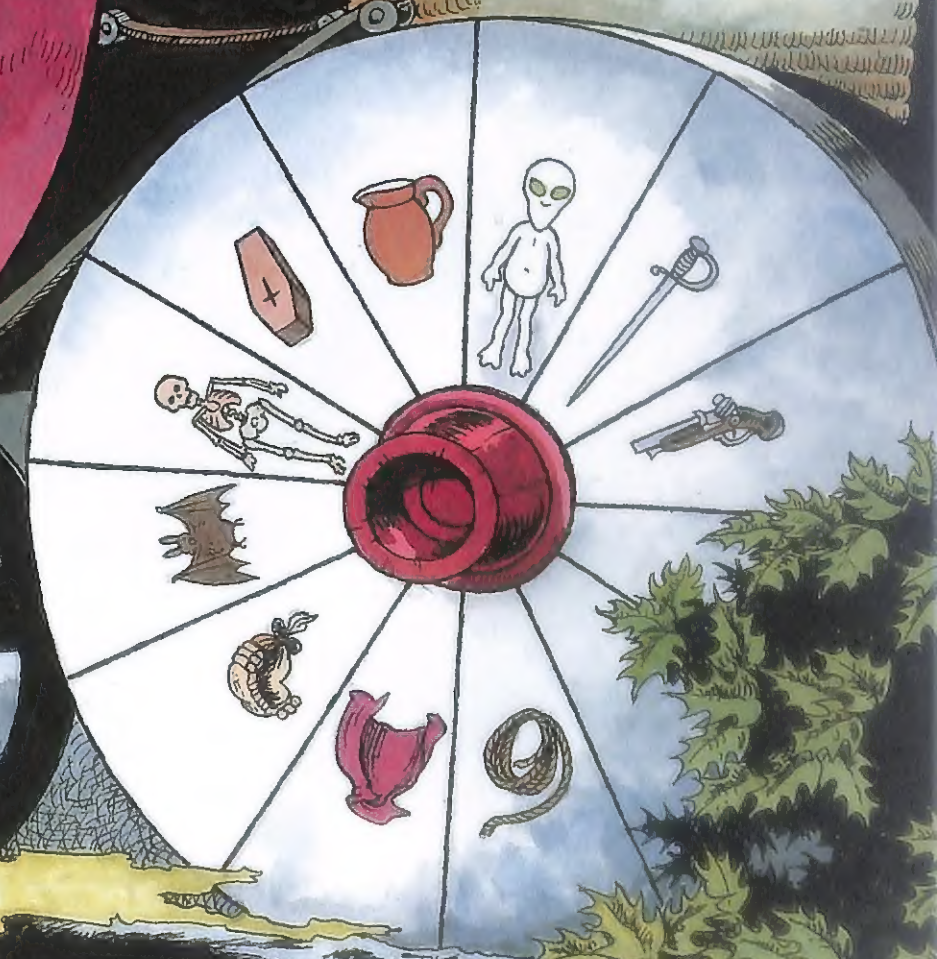
## FASCINATING FACTS

The penalty for a convicted highwayman was death by hanging. One who breathed his last at the famous Tyburn Gallows was a seemingly well-mannered and well-dressed Frenchman, Claude Duval. His rather romantic reputation as a 'gentleman of the road' included him supposedly dancing with the wife of a hold-up victim. In return, the husband was allowed to keep the greater part of the contents of his own money bag!

NN D E  
S A D I E  
A T L R  
D V

## CRYPTIC CRY

Unscramble the letters on the coach wheel to discover what the 'gentleman of the road' is shouting.





▲ SEEING DOUBLE?  
Twins Jill and Jena Lassen  
and Doug and Phil Malm  
met at a Twinsday  
festival. They married in  
front of 3000 other twins  
at the 1993 Twinsday.





#### ◀ LUCKY ESCAPE

79-year-old twins Florrie Ward, left, and Pearl Mills from New Zealand, both broke their right arm when they were attacked by an enraged bull in 1996.

#### IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH

There is often an amazing synchronicity (things that happen at the same time) in the lives of twins. Perhaps the most scary is the way that accidents seem to repeat themselves. And if twins don't end up with exactly the same injury – they may mirror the problem. One twin breaks a right leg – the other a left!

But perhaps the most extraordinary claim is that some twins say they experience the pain their twin is suffering – even many miles away. In July 1975 Nira Hust from California, USA, suddenly experienced severe pain in her leg and discovered bruising appearing for no reason. Later she learned that her twin sister, Nettie Porter, had been in a car crash at exactly the same moment – four hours drive away.



#### ▲ DOUBLE TROUBLE!

John Duffy, top, from Manchester burnt his arms in a bonfire accident. His twin brother Keith had been injured in exactly the same way, exactly one year before – to the day.

**ALL IN A THOUGHT**  
People are fascinated by the incredible coincidences found in the lives of many identical – and sometimes even non-identical twins. So researchers have tried to discover if twins can communicate telepathically (that is mind to mind). In 1993, 12 twins and 12 non-twin siblings (brothers and sisters) from Bristol were asked to transmit numbers and sketches telepathically to their siblings.

The twins scored higher than chance when they were allowed to pick the subject, but not much higher than the non-twins when they were told what to draw or write. It seems that twins do think alike, and can sometimes guess what the other one is thinking.

However, science still hasn't come up with an explanation for the amazing coincidences that seem to be a part of most twins' lives!



#### ▲ TELEPATHIC TWINS?

In a 1950s test, one twin, shown right, thinks about a picture while the other twin (top) in a separate room tries to draw it.

